

THE  
GRASSHOPPERS'  
HOP..



ZITELLA COCKE



Gerye  
with one from Grandma





THE GRASSHOPPERS' HOP

## THE YOUNG OF HEART SERIES

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THE  
GRASSHOPPERS' HOP  
AND OTHER VERSES

BY  
ZITELLA COCKE

Illustrated by  
JOSEPH J. MORA



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PUBLISHERS

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

I DEDICATE  
THIS LITTLE BOOK  
TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED BROTHER,  
*Fleming Cocke,*  
WHOSE PURE LIFE AND GENTLE SOUL  
MADE HIM A LOVER OF GOD  
AND LITTLE CHILDREN.





## NOTE

The publishers would express thanks to the editors of *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion*, *Little Men and Women*, *Wide Awake*, *Babyland*, *Our Little Ones*, *Little Folks*, *Harper's Young People*, *Independent*, *New England Magazine*, and *The Household*, for the privilege of reprinting copyright poems.



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# THE GRASSHOPPERS' HOP

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## THE GRASSHOPPERS' HOP

It was in the summer weather  
The Grasshoppers gave a hop;  
For so fond are they of dancing  
That they never like to stop;  
And the fashionable season  
Was fast drawing to an end,  
So they sent out invitations  
Everywhere they had a friend.

They invited all their cousins  
In the first and last degree,  
And the family relations  
Were astonishing to see.  
All the Greens and all the Locusts,  
All the Browns and all the Blacks,  
Every family accepted  
Who had garments to their backs.

There were crickets — old housekeepers,  
Handsome swell and dandy fop,  
And of all that large assembly  
Every one came there to hop.  
For to rest more than a moment  
Strictest etiquette forbids  
While the orchestra is playing —  
A smart band of Katydids.

True, the torches of the fireflies  
Were quite often on the wane,  
And the Katydids' loud fiddles  
Always scraped the same old strain.  
But such trivial objections  
Never spoil the Hoppers' play,  
So they jumped a jig till midnight  
And hopped home at break of day.

### THE ALPHABET BALL

HAROLD went to the alphabet ball,  
Where he saw the queerest sight,  
For every letter from A to Z  
Was dancing with all its might.  
Broad H went balancing up to I,  
And P seized Q by her curl;  
When locked in each other's arms they flew  
Around the room in a whirl.

A, B, and C moved so easily  
That Harold joined in the fun ;  
When E came tripping up after D,  
As soft and sweet as a nun.  
F in a frolic is always first,  
Although he is first in a fight,  
And G, who comes in the morning last,  
Comes early enough in night.

X was so cross he refused to dance,  
And Y hopped on one great toe ;  
J jumped a jig, while clumsy old K  
Pushed in where'er he could go.  
L was a gentleman so polite  
That he never failed to please,  
So beautiful partners everywhere  
He found with the greatest ease.

R was treading an old-fashioned reel,  
With a slow and steady pace ;  
In a cotillion stood graceful N,  
And O, with his big round face.  
T was precise and prim as a pole,  
In a stately minuet,  
While S and M went winding about  
With every letter they met.

Z went staggering over the floor  
With a step more bold than neat

And he could dance as well on his head  
As he could upon his feet.  
But then the funniest thing of all  
Was to see old Double U,  
Who got so mixed up with U and V  
He scarcely knew what to do.

And Harold woke with the morning bright  
When he heard his mamma call,  
And told her all his wonderful dream  
About the alphabet ball.  
And now with alphabet blocks he builds  
A house that is tall and tight;  
But he longs to see big Y and Z  
Dance again some other night.

### A JOLLY LANDLORD

I KNOW a jolly landlord,  
Whom you always find at home,  
Yet never was a fellow  
Who so dearly loved to roam, —  
You meet him any weather  
In the sunshine or the rain,  
When you choose to go a-walking  
Through the meadow or the lane.

A gentleman of leisure,  
He has time enough to waste,



And all the world may hurry,  
But he never needs to haste.  
He never owes for taxes  
And he never owes for rent,  
For he's lord of his own mansion  
And it costs him not a cent.

His family is ancient,  
They were dwellers on the Nile  
In days of old King Pharaoh,  
And 'tis said they lived in style.  
For all were jolly landlords  
Like the one you see to-day,  
Who inherited their castles  
And had not a cent to pay.

And would you like to see him?  
Gently knock upon his door,  
You're sure to find him inside  
And always on the ground floor.  
'Tis true he's shy to callers,  
But you'll find him without fail;  
He's both furniture and tenant,  
And his name is Mr. Snail.

## GOOD NIGHT ACROSS THE SEA

GRANDMOTHER'S house is by the sea,  
And 'tis the dearest spot to me,  
For at the window tall and wide  
I stand and look out at the tide,  
And see the waters ebb and flow,  
And great white horses come and go,  
And shake their heads, and foam and fret  
From morning till the sun is set.  
But when the sea is smooth like glass  
I count the sea-gulls as they pass,  
And I can never tire all day  
To watch the wavelets dance and play;  
But most of all, in July days  
I love to sit for hours and gaze  
Upon the ocean calm and blue,  
And wonder if it is not true,  
A boy somewhere in foreign lands  
Beside his grandma's window stands,  
And looks across the deep, wide sea  
And thinks and wonders, just like me.  
And though we are so far apart,  
I have him often in my heart,  
And sometimes on the big waves send  
A greeting to my little friend.

And when I give this play a name,  
I tell nurse 'tis my ocean game.  
So when she comes up with a light  
I wave my hand to him, "Good night,"  
And then so real that boy seems,  
I wish him sleep and pleasant dreams.

## VEGETABLE GEOGRAPHY

GEOGRAPHY I thought quite hard, —  
Till I found out a way  
To study it, and now it seems  
As clear as light of day. —  
'Tis in the pleasant dinner hour,  
When brother Tom tells me,  
Where all the vegetables grow,  
In lands across the sea.

Potatoes, brave Sir Raleigh found,  
In our Virginia,  
And Parsley came from genial clime  
Of far Sardinia. —  
The Onion, though Egyptian born,  
Came to us from old Spain,  
But Corn is an American,  
The hardiest of grain !

French Beans from Turkish Asia hail,  
Pepper from Malabar,

Cucumbers grew in Egypt's land,  
Rhubarb in land of Czar. —  
Spinach belongs to Syria,  
Egg-plant to East Indies, —  
Garlic and Rice are Africans,  
And Radish is Chinese.

Mediterranean shores gave us the Beet,  
And Switzerland the Leek ;  
Mustard and Lettuce graced the feast  
Of Persian and of Greek, —  
Tomatoes were love-apples once,  
And native to Peru. —  
Green Peas, Queen Bess bought from the  
Dutch,  
And paid a good price, too !

One Artichoke came from Brazil,  
One from Arabia ;  
Pumpkins and Squash, such dainties here,  
Were gourds in India.  
The Olive grew in Palestine,  
Its green boughs spreading wide, —  
And Scotland raises Oyster-plant  
In sand washed by the tide.

The Romans brought to England's shore  
Much that she gave to us, —

Turnips and Parsnips, Carrots, Kale,  
And choice Asparagus,  
Celery and Cabbage, — so you see,  
When I sit down to dine,  
I learn by eating, and Tom says,  
He thinks that way is fine!

## MY LADY LEGEND

ADOWN the centuries of time,  
In every age and every clime,  
Trips merrily to joyous lays,  
Or calmly treads historic ways,  
My Lady Legend!

She prays you neither gift nor dole,  
Her plenteous store doth feed each soul.  
Her bounty is for every heart,  
Her merchandise in every mart.  
Rich Lady Legend!

And how doth Lady Legend fare?  
On land and sea, in sky and air.  
And where doth Lady Legend dwell?  
By cot and castle, mount and dell.  
Fair Lady Legend!

And oft upon the thronging street,  
Her light and shadowy form you meet.

Nor may the world's unceasing gride  
And bitter strife, the footsteps hide  
Of Lady Legend!

She walks the fields with rustic clown,  
And sits with judge in wig and gown.  
The scholar's eager, earnest look  
Athwart the pages of his book  
Sees Lady Legend!

And lo! in all the blithe Yule-tide,  
She comes to sit at your fireside.  
Hark! hark! her foot is on the stair!  
Saw you not something passing there?  
'Tis Lady Legend!

### A BOY'S THANKSGIVING

THANKS, dear God, for all the fun  
I have had throughout the year;  
For the smiling sky and sun,  
For the summer's glorious cheer.  
Thanks for every jolly game  
I have played in field and wood,  
Thanks for lovely flowers that came,  
Blooming where the snow-drifts stood.

Thanks for all the luscious fruit,  
Apples red and purple grapes;

Thanks for vine and tree and root,  
    Melons of all sorts and shapes.  
Thank you for the noisy rain,  
    Making music down the eaves,  
Knocking at the window-pane,  
    Dancing with the happy leaves.

Thank you for the winter days —  
    Beautiful with ice and snow,  
Merry rides in jingling sleighs,  
    Coasting, skating to and fro.  
Thanks for joyous Christmas-tide,  
    And the pretty stories told  
By the bright and warm fireside,  
    Safe from harm and wind and cold.

Thank you for the stars and moon,  
    For the great, wide ocean, too.  
Thank you for the bird's sweet tune,  
    Laughing brooks and sparkling dew.  
Oh, so many thanks we need  
    For your kindness, and I say,  
Thank you very much indeed  
    For the gift, — Thanksgiving day.

## FISHING AND WISHING

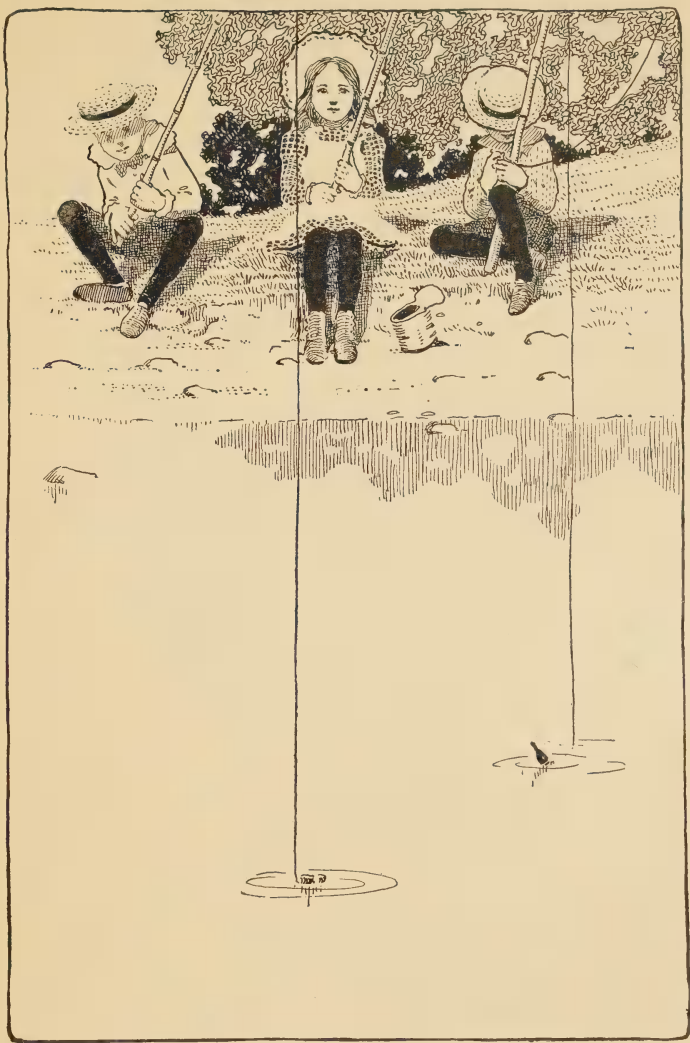
THREE little folk by the meadow brook,  
With a line of twine and a bent pin hook,  
And an eager, earnest, serious look,  
As if they were conning a lesson book,  
Sat resolutely fishing!

But either the fish were wondrous wise,  
Or they had the sharpest kind of eyes,  
For they wouldn't bite, to the great surprise  
Of the little folk, who said, with sighs,  
"Let's play the game of wishing!"

"I wish," said Tom, "for a pot of gold  
With every minute that has been told  
Since the day the earth was young or old;  
I'd have more money than I could hold.  
See, what I get by wishing!"

"I wish," said Ned, "that the ships at sea,  
And all that is in them, belonged to me,  
And all that have been, or ever will be;  
My wish is the best, don't you agree?  
And worth a day of fishing!"





FISHING AND WISHING.



“ I wish,” said Moll, with a toss of her head,  
And a pout of her lips that were cherry red,  
“ You’d get your wishes, just as you said,  
And give them to me, — now, Tom and Ned,  
I’ve got the most by wishing ! ”

And all day long in the woodland shade  
The three little fisher folk sat and played,  
And oh, the millions of money they made,  
Though never a dollar of it was paid,  
Was worth a year of fishing !

## NUMBER ONE

ALWAYS think of Number One,  
I have heard my grandpa say.  
If at home or if abroad,  
Number One has right of way.  
In your work or in your fun,  
Do your best for Number One !  
But there comes into my head  
Something else my grandpa said :  
Number One is first, but you  
Should be always Number Two,  
Number Three or Number Four,  
Or perhaps a number more.  
While, if you prize duty done,  
Some one else is Number One.

## A BOY'S DILEMMA

GRANDPA says, don't play in the house ;

He cannot bear the noise.

Mamma says, don't go out-of-doors ;

It's damp for little boys.

With two big don'ts, what shall I do ?

I wish I had a world brand-new,

Where not a single *don't*, all day,

Could stop my fun or spoil my play !

## A BOY'S THEOLOGY

THEY tell me God is everywhere.

I cannot see Him in the air,

I look, and cannot see Him here ;

But somehow, when I cheat at play,

And mamma's orders disobey,

He seems to come so very near !

## MISS GEOGRAPHY

MY dolly is from far Japan,

My gloves from banks of Seine,

My leghorn hat's Italian,

My fan came straight from Spain ;

From England is my muslin gown,  
My hose from Germany, —  
My shoes were made in Boston town ;  
So when I'm dressed from toe to crown,  
I'm Miss Geography !

### A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER

“ I AM a king ! ” bold Lion said  
To Squirrel, who dared poke his head  
From out his tiny hut.  
“ But what are you, now tell me, sir ! ”  
Said Squirrel, “ A philosopher,  
For I can crack a nut ! ”

### WHY RALPH AND ROB FELL OUT

RALPH and Rob were the best of friends,  
And yet the two fell out,  
And 'twas the most surprising thing  
The way it came about.  
For early in the morning they  
Went riding in a cart,  
As full of fun the livelong day  
As they were at the start ;  
When up a hill quite suddenly  
They drove with laugh and shout,  
The wheel fell down — and now you see  
Why Ralph and Rob fell out !

## GOOD MORNING

WHEN I have slept the night away,  
And wake to see the light of day,  
I rise and dress, and down the stair  
I trip, and hear from everywhere,  
“ Good morning ! Oh, good morning all ! ”  
From every lip the same words fall.  
And yet I learned in school last year,  
They do not greet as we do here,  
In countries far across the sea.  
For children in old Germany  
Say, “ *Guten Morgen !* ” and I’m sure  
In sunny France they cry, “ *Bon jour !* ”  
And boys and girls in Naples say,  
In such a pretty, pleasant way,  
“ *Buon Giorno !* ” and my dear Aunt Jane,  
Who travelled long ago in Spain,  
Says little Spanish children greet,  
“ *Buenos Dias !* ” clear and sweet.  
And so it is the wide world through.  
In Russia, and in Holland, too,  
The queer old Turk, the Swede, the Dane,  
Not one can say “ Good morning ! ” plain ;  
But some strange gibberish instead,  
That does not seem to me well-bred ;

And only English folk and we  
Can speak it as it ought to be.  
So now I'm thinking up a plan  
To go abroad when I'm a man,  
And teach these foreigners to say  
"Good morning!" in a proper way.

## GUESS WHO!

THERE is an old woman, pray, can you guess who? —  
With such a bad temper men name her a shrew. —  
She frets and she scolds, and she storms and she  
shrieeks,  
And never old woman had so many freaks.  
She'll smile and caress you, perchance for a day,  
Then, blow you up roundly, — for that is her way, —  
And many good people had rather leave home  
Than stay when this surly old woman will come!  
Her children behold her with terror and dread,  
And hardly dare peep from their warm, cosy bed,  
Though brave little Golden-Locks, hardy and bright,  
Sometimes ventures out for a taste of sunlight!

Yet such a rare housekeeper never was known;  
She sweeps the wide earth, every corner and zone;  
And this queer old woman, so hated and feared,  
Most beautiful children has nurtured and reared.  
She carefully hides them away out of sight,

And keeps them by daytime, and guards them by  
night;  
She cradles them gently on earth's tender breast,  
And lulls them with breezes from south and from  
west,  
Until their sweet beauty is ripe for display,  
When two charming maidens, young April and May,  
Call out the dear children to play in the sun,  
And then claim the work the old woman has done!

#### A PUZZLED LITTLE BRAIN

I THINK it is so very queer  
That when we little children here  
Are fast asleep — each curly head  
Tucked snugly in his downy bed —  
Some children living far away  
Are up and out-of-doors at play.  
And then, my teacher says the sun,  
When all his shining here is done,  
Goes down to China and Japan  
To shine as brightly as he can.  
So when I lie down to my rest  
The little Japs are being dressed,  
And when at morn my prayers are said  
The Chinese girls are going to bed,  
But oh, it seems to me so queer,  
They do not do as we do here!



## PICTURES IN THE SKY

UPSTAIRS, at the garret window,  
Stands a bench as tall as I,  
Where I sit with brother Harold,  
Counting pictures in the sky.  
Sheep and cows, and prancing horses,  
And the oddest, queerest things,  
With great claws, and horns, and sometimes  
With long tails and outstretched wings!

Elephants and dromedaries,  
Travelling in a caravan,  
And a row of hump-backed camels,  
And on every hump, a man.  
Then, a band of soldiers, marching  
Step by step and side by side,  
Till from East to West it reaches  
Clear across the heavens wide!

Harold loves to see them fighting —  
That, he says, is finest fun.  
Red and yellow banners streaming  
All around the setting sun.  
But I love to watch the angels,  
Calmly flying, two and two,

With their lovely white wings folded  
Soft against the tender blue!

I could never tire of gazing  
At the bright and changing clouds  
Floating like a single feather,  
Sailing like tall ships in crowds, —  
And whene'er I lack a playmate,  
Do you think I fret and cry?  
No, not I, — I think 'tis jolly  
Watching pictures in the sky!

### A FOOL'S WIT

It happened that a fool at court  
One day grew weary of his sport,  
And, finding a sequestered nook,  
He sat him down to read a book,  
Quite satisfied he left no trace  
Which might betray his hiding-place.

Now, Lionel, the Queen's pet page,  
Was always pleased a war to wage  
With the King's Fool, whose merry chaff  
Made all the royal household laugh;  
And oft the Queen had said: "Forsooth,  
Your Majesty, my pretty youth  
Hath such a pretty wit — your Fool,  
To outwit him, must go to school!"

And at this praise young Lionel  
With pompous pride would strut and swell,  
And swagger with a lordly air  
That made his gracious mistress stare.

So, while the Fool pored o'er his book,  
With serious, abstracted look,  
A head of golden ringlets peered  
The curtain through ; and boldly sneered  
The dainty Master Lionel :  
“ Ho, Motley ! I have caught you well !  
Pray, will you tell me what new rule  
Gives learning to a motley fool ?  
I'll call the butler and the cook  
To see the King's Fool read a book ;  
I'll wager, though you look so sage,  
You have not turned a single page !  
But when you do — ha, ha ! — call me !  
So brave a sight I fain would see.  
Good sooth, this is your cleverest joke ;  
I'll laugh until my sides are broke ! ”

“ Pray, leave me now in peace to hide,  
And go your way ! ” the Fool replied.  
“ And though your manners suit me ill,  
I promise you shall have your will ;  
And when I turn a page, I swear,  
Young Malapert, you shall be there ! ”

Anon arrived the festive day  
Which marked the merry month of May ;  
And court and courtiers all were seen  
Arrayed in gorgeous gold and green.  
In silver shoon and silken hose,  
And satin doublet, like the rose,  
The Queen's pet page stood at her side.  
The Fool, in garments crimson-pied,  
Had taken modestly a seat  
Below his royal master's feet.  
Loud called the King : " Subjects, to-day  
Let sport and merriment have sway.  
For he best serves his King's behalf  
Who grants the merriest, heartiest laugh ;  
And keenest wit and drollest pranks  
Shall most deserve our gracious thanks."

Now, none the King's behest obeyed  
More than young Lionel, who played  
His tricks and antics with a grace  
That made the wittiest give place.  
And many a shaft of ridicule  
He spent upon the patient Fool,  
Who read his book, nor seemed to see  
The pretty page's pleasantry.

Then Lionel grew overbold,  
And, seizing the Queen's cup of gold, —  
With ruby wine filled to the brim, —

He cried in scorn : “ Ho ! here’s to him,  
My comrades gay ! here’s to this dunce,  
Who reads all day, and never once  
Turns o’er a page ; but thinks he’s wise,  
Because he stares with both his eyes ! ”

High o’er his head he raised the cup ;  
Nor once the silent Fool looked up.  
Alas ! we know there’s many a slip  
Betwixt the sparkling cup and lip.  
His triumph was but short — for lo !  
The Fool adroitly moved his toe ;  
And in a trice, before the throne,  
The pretty Lionel lay prone !  
Then peals of laughter, loud and long,  
Reëchoed through the merry throng ;  
While, with an air most innocent,  
The Fool sat — on his book intent.  
“ For shame ! for shame ! ” uprose the Queen.  
“ The jolliest prank I’ve ever seen ! ”  
Exclaimed the King in boisterous glee ;  
“ Fair Queen, ’twas clever, you’ll agree !  
Good Fool, I see you are no fool,  
I dub you hence Lord of Misrule ;  
You’ve turned the laugh and tables too ! ”

“ Your Majesty, why this ado ?  
I fain would read to please my taste,  
And save the time that runs to waste ;

For reading, Sir, I ask no wage,  
But must, you see, turn o'er a page!"

At the Fool's speech all laughed the more,  
And louder than they laughed before!

### THE FAIRY-HUNT

SEARCH! search!

All the beautiful summer day,  
Robby and Kitty and Willy and May,  
Up in the red robin's leafy perch,  
Down where the yellow daffodils stay,  
In the green meadow  
And deep woodland shadow,  
Yet never a fairy we found on our way.  
Do they hide from sight  
Till the starry night,  
And while we are sleeping steal out and play?

Look! look!

All the beautiful autumn day,  
Robby and Kitty and Willy and May,  
In the tall lilies by lazy brook,  
Over the fields of the new-mown hay,  
'Mong the brown sedges  
And ruby-red hedges,

Out where the mosses are old and gray.

Oh, where have they flown ?

Oh, where are they gone ?

Will nobody, nobody, tell us, pray ?

Home ! home !

All in the chilly November day,

Robby and Kitty and Willy and May,

No more in forest and field to roam,

Close by the cosy fireside to stay ;

Gone are the flowers

And bright-blooming bowers,

But, oh, on the wall hangs a green holly spray.

And we'll watch and see

On the Christmas tree

The beautiful fairies who come that way.

## HOW THE VIOLETS BLOW

OUR Tommy is so small, you know,

And when the rain washed off the snow

He went to see the violets blow !

“ I want to see them blow ! ” he said,

As closely o'er the blooming bed,

He bent his little curly head.

He watched and waited all the morn,

And then cried out in tears forlorn,

“ I cannot see or hear a horn !

“I see them standing in a row,  
But not a single one will blow.  
Oh dear, what made you tell me so!”

### WHAT THE WIND SAYS

WHEN Willie goes up-stairs to sleep,  
A wakeful ear he's sure to keep  
Upon the Wind, who always knows  
What Willie does, and where he goes;  
If he's been good the whole day long,  
The Wind sings ever the same song  
In sweetest, softest lullabies  
As Willie gently shuts his eyes:  
“Good and true! Good and true!  
Willie, you — Willie, *y—o—u!*”

But sometimes — ah, the truth is sad —  
Poor Willie's wilful, cross and bad,  
He breaks his mother's strictest rule,  
And even slips away from school;  
Then when he creeps into his bed,  
And pulls the pillow o'er his head,  
And listens — hark! the mad Wind knows.  
Hear how it whistles, storms and blows:  
“So untrue! So untrue!  
Willie, you — I mean *y—o—u!*”



Oh, then his heart begins to quake,  
And one long hour he lies awake,  
And wonders how the wise Wind knew —  
The wisest Wind that ever blew —  
Till something inside speaks out bold :  
“ I am the monitor who told !  
Oh, yes, ’twas I who told the Wind,  
And both of us know you have sinned.”  
“ Willie, you — Willie, *y—o—u !* ”  
Wind and Conscience both say, “ *y—o—u.* ”

## THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY

“ Oh, the wind in the chimney !  
I hate the wind in the chimney !  
It scolds and complains, and it never does tire,”  
Says Harry, who’s crouching down close to the fire.  
Alas ! Alas ! What does the wind say ?  
“ O Harry, you’ve been a bad boy to-day !  
You’ve cheated at school, and cheated at play,  
And worried and fretted to have your own way,”  
Says the angry wind in the chimney.

“ Oh, the wind in the chimney !  
I love the wind in the chimney !  
It laughs and it whistles, it sings and it crows,”  
Says Johnny, who’s warming his fingers and toes.  
Ha, ha ! Ha, ha ! What does the wind say ?

“ O Johnny, you’ve been a good boy to-day.  
So faithful in school, and honest in play,  
And many a fellow you helped on the way ! ”  
Says the merry wind in the chimney.

### FOUR BROTHERS

Four Brothers are piping o’er land and o’er sea —  
Each pipes his own tune and with good-will pipes he,  
And one like a clarion trumpet doth blow,  
And one plays a lullaby, sweetly and low —  
And one wakes the waves with a blast wild and shrill,  
And one murmurs softly to river and rill ; —  
Pray who are the Brothers ? — perchance you have  
guessed ;  
Look Northward and Southward and Eastward and  
West,  
And listen — hark ! hark ! — through the wood floats  
a strain —  
The West Wind is piping his joyous refrain !

### FOUR FRIENDS

THE North Wind brings the snow,  
The East Wind brings the shower,  
The South Wind makes the fruit-tree grow,  
The West Wind brings the flower.



KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.



And which one is the best,  
When I love all so well,  
The North or South, the East or West,  
Would puzzle me to tell.

## KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

LITTLE King Arthur, with his knights  
Sits at his table round,  
And knights more loyal than these two  
Are never to be found, —  
Sir Faithful and Sir Christopher,  
Who honour and obey  
Their master, and where'er he leads  
Will follow night and day.

Sir Faithful wears from top to toe  
A suit of handsome brown,  
Sir Christopher is clad in gray  
As soft and smooth as down.  
Sir Faithful's step is bold and free,  
And never shows a fear;  
Sir Christopher so lightly treads  
You never know he's near.

And when one day King Arthur played  
Close to the river's brim,

And, splash ! — fell headlong in the stream,  
Sir Faithful rescued him  
And like a hero swam to shore,  
While Christopher, the sly,  
Sat calmly looking on, without  
A motion or a cry !

Sir Faithful hails from Newfoundland,  
Surrounded by the seas ;  
A knight of Malta, Christopher,  
So he is called Maltese.  
But Arthur gives them both pet names  
When they at table sit, —  
Sir Faithful always is Fido,  
Sir Christopher is Kit.

### A DOLLAR AND A QUARTER

A DOLLAR and a quarter, Santa Claus,  
Just please remember that, because  
We moved from our old home, last May,  
To a new house on Dauphin Way.  
125, the number reads,  
And if a help your memory needs,  
A dollar and a quarter, you will find,  
Keeps it quite safely in your mind.

I fear, dear Santa, you may make  
A very serious mistake,

And carry things you want to give,  
To the house where we used to live,  
And Oh, please think, when you arrive  
In town, it's one and two and five,  
A dollar and a quarter, Dauphin Way,  
And then you cannot go astray.

All sorts of ways lead to Mobile,  
By rail, or steamer, or by wheel.  
But you can travel through the air  
And never pay a cent of fare,  
So keep in mind when you come down  
The clouds to visit us in town,  
The bran-new house where now I stay,  
A dollar and a quarter, Dauphin Way!

## A REASONABLE CELEBRATION

GRANDPA says I may celebrate  
The Independence Day  
As I would like, provided 'tis  
A reasonable way.  
Plenty of fireworks, horns and drums,  
Just like the other boys,  
But neighbours shall not be harassed,  
By rude, unmeaning noise.

I love dear grandpa far too well  
To give him any pain,

And I intend to celebrate  
So he will not complain ; —  
I have a list of presidents  
Straight back to Washington,  
And I shall fire a grand salute,  
To every single one !

Vice-presidents must have their share,  
And in our union great  
Of forty-five bright, shining stars,  
I must salute each State ;  
And then, on Independence Day,  
Our islands fair to slight,  
Hawaii and the Philippines, —  
You see, would not be right !

To honour all our heroes, too,  
The neighbours will agree,  
The soldiers brave who fought on land,  
And those who fought on sea. —  
So, grandpa will be proud his boy  
Is willing to obey,  
And celebrate the glorious Fourth,  
A reasonable way !



## FIVE LITTLE SISTERS

WE are little sisters five,  
Who in any climate thrive.  
Everywhere at home are we,  
On the land and on the sea ;  
Wheresoe'er is human speech,  
There our little voices reach.  
Man himself our life can give ;  
At his will, we die or live,  
And each moment, night and morn,  
We are dying, we are born.  
Well you know us, little man,  
Guess our names now if you can,  
For you never speak a word  
That one of us is not heard,  
And our gentle voices meet  
In each sentence you repeat,  
A, I, E, and O and U,  
Little sister vowels true !

## TO - MORROW

FOOLISH Mabel moans and sighs,  
Looks about with tearful eyes,  
Up-stairs, down-stairs, here she goes,  
With the burden of her woes,  
Such a weight of sorrow.

Something's coming, sure as fate,  
And she only has to wait, —  
All her fretting, all her worry,  
Never will one moment hurry, —  
Yet with anxious, frowning brow,  
She insists, "I want it now!"  
Will not study, will not play,  
Spoiling all the bright to-day,  
Wishing for to-morrow!

### MY SHADOW

'Tis very strange my shadow  
Runs about me when at play;  
Yet when I sit at study,  
Won't come near me all the day.

He is a lazy fellow,  
For he follows me to school,  
And stops outside the doorway,  
Hiding somewhere — that's his rule.

And yet he is not stupid,  
For he does just what I do,  
And seems to say in manner,  
"I am just as smart as you."

And in my sport at noon-time,  
When I climb the apple-tree,

He'll mount the tree before me,  
So that every boy can see.

At night, when by the lamplight  
I am reading, if I look  
Upon the wall, I see him,  
And he always has a book.

But in the field and garden,  
He is pretty sure to lurk,  
And sometime I shall catch him —  
Then, I'll put him to hard work !

### THE CHRISTMAS FRIEND

You are one of the happy band  
Of little children in our land,  
Who, on the merry Christmas Eve,  
Hang up their stockings to receive  
The lovely gifts and dainty things  
Which dear old Santa always brings,  
While good Kris Kringle gives his toys  
To little German girls and boys.

And there's another friend who comes  
To darling little children's homes  
In Holland and in Flanders, too,  
And puts his presents in a shoe,  
For 'tis the children's custom there  
To hang the prettiest shoes they wear

Above the great wide threshold high  
When old Knecht Clobes passes by!

He carries on his back his store,  
And stops at every good child's door;  
He never knocks and never rings,  
But Holland children say he sings  
While they are lying snug in bed  
And stars are shining bright o'erhead,  
And oh, it makes their hearts rejoice  
To hear Knecht Clobes's cheery voice.

Let old Kris Kringle keep his tree  
For little folk in Germany;  
Let little Hollanders hang shoes,  
To hang your stocking still you choose,  
For though Knecht Clobes is so kind,  
Dear Santa Claus best suits your mind;  
Yet everywhere, to girl and boy  
The Christ-child brings the Christmas joy!

### SANTA CLAUS'S NEW DEPARTURE

GOOD-BYE to my reindeer and sweet jangling chimes,  
For old Santa Claus must keep pace with the times.  
The twentieth century's dear girls and boys  
Shall not lack for beautiful presents and toys,  
But I'm up to date now, I've made a new deal,  
And travel henceforth in my automobile!



SANTA CLAUS'S NEW DEPARTURE.



## JOHNNY'S GARDEN

I HAD a little garden  
With seeds planted in a row,  
And every day I dug them up  
To see how they did grow.

I gave them pails of water,  
And I worked them with my hoe,  
But, oh, the stubborn little seeds,  
I could not make them grow!

And then I grew so angry  
That I told them I would go;  
I wouldn't work with naughty seeds  
That plagued my temper so!

I went away and left them —  
I was gone a month, and oh!  
When I came back again they stood  
All blooming in a row!

And now I make my garden  
With the seeds all in a row,  
And tell them they shall have their way,  
So they are sure to grow!

## POLLY'S PROBLEM

My teacher says two twos make four,  
And nothing less and nothing more,  
But when I wrote the numbers straight  
Upon my pretty porcelain slate,  
My papa said 'twas twenty-two.  
Which one is right? I wish I knew!

## THE GAME OF MAKE - BELIEVE

It sometimes happens, girls and boys  
Grow weary of the prettiest toys,  
But I could play, from morn till eve,  
The jolly game of make-believe,  
And I don't want a better mate  
To play it with than sister Kate.  
We think it is the finest sport  
To call the old armchair a fort,  
And hide behind it out of sight,  
To make believe an Indian fight;  
Then 'tis a ship with great, tall mast,  
And oh, she sails away so fast  
Across the seas to Barbadoes,  
And all around the world she goes,



To every country, near and far,  
To France and Spain and Malabar,  
And Africa, and down the Nile,  
Where lives the giant crocodile,  
And then back home our good ship brings  
From foreign lands the strangest things,  
A talking parrot, red and blue,  
An ostrich and a cockatoo,  
Queer little toys from Tokyo,  
And melons sweet from Francisco.  
And make-believe is such rare fun  
We often play till set of sun,  
And sister Kate and I don't care  
For toys, when we have the old chair!

## SAM AND SUE

"I SAW a trunk," said Sam to Sue,  
    " So queer, that what you put inside,  
You never can take out again,  
    No matter how you tried."  
" Indeed, I saw the same trunk too,  
Last week, when I was at the Zoo ;  
'Twas Mr. Elephant's," laughed Sue.

## FROM LAPLAND TO NAPLAND

FROM Lapland to Napland,  
So close they lie together,  
That Baby journeys any time,  
In any kind of weather.  
In Lapland, Baby shuts his eyes ;  
To Napland then away he hies,  
In dear delight awhile to stay,  
An hour, a minute, or a day !

From Lapland to Napland,  
The road is hard to measure,  
But every moment of the way  
Is full of precious pleasure.  
For Lapland's broad as mother's love,  
And Napland's wide as dreams may rove,  
And Baby finds it hard to tell  
In which he likes the best to dwell !

## LULLABY

ALL day long the little breeze  
Plays among the leafy trees ;  
When the sun sinks in the west,  
Little breezes go to rest.

Little lambkins leap and play  
All the pleasant summer day ;  
When the night falls dark and deep,  
Little lambkins go to sleep.

Little birdies sing all day,  
But at night they fly away  
To a soft and downy nest,  
Shut their eyes and take their rest.

Little baby, white and warm,  
Softly lies on mother's arm ;  
And what lambs and birdies do,  
Baby must be doing, too.

## MADAM ARACHNE

MADAM ARACHNE

All day at her wheel,  
With distaff and reel,  
From daylight's beginning  
Is toiling and spinning.

And Madam Arachne's a beautiful spinner,  
But oh ! if you knew how she gets her fine dinner  
I'm sure you would think her a miserable sinner !

Madam Arachne  
All day at her loom  
In sweet cherry bloom

Sits watching and weaving,  
Her work never leaving.  
And Madam Arachne's a beautiful weaver,  
But oh ! if you knew what a cruel deceiver  
She is and will be, you could never believe her.

Madam Arachne  
All day in her home  
Bids strangers to come,  
Her doors open flinging  
With crooning and singing.  
And Madam Arachne, to all who go faring,  
Is boasting her parlour, and table unsparing —  
But whoso shall enter sups woe for his daring !

### A STRANGER GUEST

OPEN your door and open your heart,  
To welcome a stranger-guest,  
And though you have never met, be sure  
To give him your very best.  
Best of your heart and best of your home,  
And best of your thought and deed ;  
For he who comes as a stranger, now,  
Can prove you a friend in need.  
Never a boy and never a girl  
This stranger-guest should despise ;  
When once he enters within your gates,  
He is there until he dies,

And keeps an account of word and act,  
    Whatever you say or do ;  
And marks every misspent day and hour,  
    In calendar strict and true.

And many a good he offers you,  
    And beautiful gifts to choose,  
But never they come to you again,  
    If once these gifts you refuse.  
And how you welcome this stranger-guest,  
    And how you treat him each day,  
Becomes a blessing or bitter grief  
    As you journey on life's way.

I see the merriment in your eye,  
    And the smile upon your face,  
For you are guessing this stranger's name,  
    The stranger who comes apace.  
Haste, haste to meet him, — hark, hark, his step  
    Already falls on your ear, —  
The youngest son of old Father Time,  
    The gallant and glad New Year.

## A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS

ALL day the happy butterflies  
    Have flown about in play,  
The bees have sung their drowsy song,  
    Among the poppies gay.

The trees were filled with birds, but now  
So still is all around,  
I cannot see a bird or bee —  
I cannot hear a sound.

To fly and sing the whole day long  
Must make them tired, I know ;  
So they have gone to sleep in trees  
And in the green hedgerow. —  
The sun is growing weary, too,  
For he has had to run  
So fast from daybreak until eve,  
To get his day's work done !

And now he's going to his rest,  
Upon his crimson bed,  
With fleecy curtains hung around,  
And pillows gold and red.  
He's sinking fast, and pretty stars  
Are coming out to play ;  
They love to frolic in the night,  
And sleep through all the day !

And they are looking down at me,  
So friendly and so bright,  
I wish I could sit up to watch  
Their merry game to-night, —

But Nurse says I must go to bed,  
'Tis time to shut my eyes. —  
Perhaps I'll wake before the sun,  
And then I'll see him rise !

## AN ANCIENT TABLE

“ I HAVE a table,”  
Said Arthur to Mabel,  
“ Three thousand years old ;  
And though it has stood  
So long, 'tis as good  
As the finest of gold ! ”

“ Oh, Arthur, your table,  
I fear, is a fable,  
And you are its knight.  
Of course it is round,  
But where was it found ?  
Now tell, — honour bright ! ”

“ 'Twas found, they say, Mabel,  
In the great tower of Babel ;  
And learned folks say  
That wise old Hindus  
This table could use  
Before Egypt's day ! ”

“ Why, Arthur,” said Mabel,  
“ Do show us this table  
That’s older than Egypt — as  
old as creation ! ”

“ My table is square,  
Not round, — to be fair,  
But why should I show  
What all the girls know, —  
This very old table, called  
Multiplication ? ”

### THE AMERICAN BOY

I WONDER if the boys and girls  
Who lived in olden time  
Were like the boys and girls we know  
In our age and clime.  
I wonder if the girls had dolls,  
Or did the boys play ball,  
Or did good little Samuel  
Know how to play at all !

I love the sweet Babes in the Wood,  
And oh, how my heart grieves  
To think they slept upon the ground,  
With cover made of leaves !



I love the Princes in the Tower  
In curls and ruffles fine.  
I hate their wicked uncle, too, —  
I'm glad he isn't mine !

I wonder if they laughed and talked,  
Or were they always sad.  
I'm sure I should be, if I had  
An uncle half so bad.  
With my brave company of boys  
I wouldn't take one hour  
To capture him, and rescue both  
Those Princes in the Tower !

O children of the olden time,  
I read of you in books,  
I see your pictures on the walls,  
And love your gentle looks.  
Your sad eyes seem to follow me  
About where'er I play,  
As if you longed to have the fun  
We children have to-day !

### A WALK AND A RIDE

Two little twin brothers were Willy and Frank,  
Who went for a walk one day.  
They tramped over meadows and down the brookside  
Till tired to death were they.

Then what did these boys do but sit down and cry :  
“ We can't take a step more, 'tis no use to try !  
We're tired, oh, so tired, till we're ready to die !  
Boohoo ! Boohoo ! Boohoo ! ”

But good luck sometimes will play wonderful tricks,  
And at Willy's feet lay two beautiful sticks,  
As smooth and as round  
As ever were found.

“ Why, Frank, here's a pair of fine horses ! ” said he.  
“ We'll ride, yes, we will ! ” and they mounted in glee,  
And capered and cantered and galloped two miles,  
And jumped over fences and leaped over stiles.  
“ We're not tired a bit, not a bit ! ” they both cried.  
“ It's tiresome to walk, but how pleasant to ride ! ”

### ROBBY'S BROTHER

I'm just as kind as I can be  
To Robby's brother, who loves me  
As I love him, with all my heart ;  
And everywhere I take his part.  
And we have always the same mind  
In every pleasure we can find.  
So I could hunt the livelong day  
For jolly games he loves to play.

But mother says it's not polite, ---  
Indeed, it's very far from right

To give all love and time and thought  
To Robby's brother, when I ought  
To love poor Robby, who is good  
As gold. But then I never could  
Love him so much, because, you see,  
Our Robby's brother — why, that's me !

## SUMMER LONGING

I DON'T care what the Hindus do,  
Or how they live in Tokyo,  
Or what the Greeks and Romans knew,  
Or where is Isle of Borneo —  
To-day's too bright for school or book,  
I want a fishing-line and hook !

## FULL FARE

I'm six years old ; yes, six to-day.  
And how I made the people stare  
At that conductor on the car  
Who wanted me to pay half fare.  
“ No, sir,” said I, “ you've missed your guess,  
I'm six, and not a minute less ! ”

## A BUSY BABY

MY baby brother sleeps all night,  
And then he sleeps all day.  
A lazy fellow, too, I thought,  
Who did not like to play,  
Till nurse said he was sleeping hard  
To grow big just like me.  
So he is busy, now I know,  
As ever he can be.

## A YOUNG PATRIOT

DEAR Grandpapa : Your little boy  
Is counting on a day of joy.  
The glorious Fourth will soon be here,  
So send at once, do, grandpa dear,  
A drum so big a mile it sounds,  
Of firecrackers fifteen pounds !  
A horn just three feet long, I guess ;  
It wouldn't do to have it less.  
I want to honour your old State,  
So I intend to celebrate !



PLAYING IN THE GARRET.



## IN THE GARRET

WHENEVER comes a rainy day  
The garret is my place to play ;  
And there I have my jolly game  
Instead of out-of-doors the same.  
I make believe a thick, green wood,  
And then I play I'm Robin Hood,  
And shoot my arrow like a flash  
Straight up into the window-sash.  
Sometimes I train my big dog, Ned,  
To hold an apple on his head,  
While I pretend I'm William Tell,  
And brave Ned learns his lesson well !  
But most I love to dress up smart,  
And walk the floor like Bonaparte ;  
Or put grandfather's big sword on,  
And play I'm General Washington !

## TEN LITTLE SERVANTS

TEN little servants Johnny has,  
That know but to obey,  
And to his slightest beck and call  
They never answer nay,

And never argue or reply,  
Nor vexing questions ask,  
But with a good and hearty will  
Do their appointed task !

Of different size and different strength,  
Yet willing all and true,  
And glad to give each other aid  
In everything they do.  
Five on his right, five on his left,  
And each one has his pair,  
Which matches him in size and form  
Exactly to a hair !

In every duty of the day  
Each nobly bears his part,  
At school or home, no matter where,  
In labour or in art.  
And Johnny never speaks his wish,  
He only needs to think,  
And straight these servants do his will,  
As quick as you could wink !

And should these busy brothers work  
A single deed of shame,  
Not theirs the fault — you may be sure  
That Johnny is to blame ;



And so are you in the same case, —  
All children and all men, —  
For who has fingers strong and well  
Can count his servants ten !

## WHERE THE SANDMAN GETS HIS SAND

THE Sandman, oh, the Sandman,  
When he rides into the town,  
Then all the little children  
Drop their pretty eyelids down.  
They know when he is coming  
And his power cannot withstand,  
But still they always wonder  
Where the Sandman gets his sand !

He gallops through the country  
And he gallops through the street,  
But the busy little children  
Never hear his horse's feet.  
They never see him scatter  
What he holds within his hand,  
And that is why they wonder  
Where the Sandman keeps his sand !

He rides o'er beds of poppies  
And he rides o'er fields of hay ;  
And sure he gathers something  
As he gallops on his way,

To lay upon the eyelids  
Of the children in the land,  
Who rub their eyes and wonder  
How the Sandman gets his sand!

But early in the morning,  
When they wake as fresh and new  
As pretty little rosebuds,  
With their faces washed in dew, —  
Oh, then they are so thankful,  
All the merry little band,  
That, in the wide world, somehow,  
The good Sandman finds his sand!

#### GRANDFATHER'S PORTRAIT

A PICTURE hangs upon the wall,  
Down-stairs in our back-parlour hall —  
Grandfather's portrait, — and 'tis strange  
How oft that picture's eyes will change ; —  
Such knowing eyes that follow me,  
And everywhere I go, they see.  
Sometimes I watch the open door,  
And try to slip out quick, before  
My mother sees, but that sharp eye  
Stares at me so I can't pass by,  
And looks so stern it seems to say,  
    " No, Harry, no,  
        You shall not go  
Out in the storm and snow to-day ! "

I wish some one would tell me why  
I can't escape that portrait's eye.  
For even when I'm out of sight,  
Something will whisper, "That's not right!  
Play fair, my boy, or grandpa's eyes  
Will gaze at you in sad surprise.  
And you had better lose your game  
Than feel those eyes reproach and blame."  
And when I'm playing with my ball,  
And do not heed my mother's call,  
Those eyes, as plain as words, will say,  
"Go, Harry, go !

Boy, don't you know,  
When mother calls, you should obey ?"

But those strange eyes are never stern  
When I hard lessons try to learn,  
Or read to grandma, while she sits  
Close by the bright log-fire and knits.  
Or if when little sister asks  
My help, I kindly share her tasks,  
Or bring from school a good report,  
And act a manly part in sport,  
And show in every way I can  
I am an honest gentleman.

Oh, then those dear eyes seem to say,

"My pride and joy  
Is this brave boy ;  
He's worth his weight in gold to-day !"

## FIDDLERS THREE

UP in a spreading maple-tree,  
Merrily playing sat fiddlers three.  
Each had a bow, and each a string,  
And oh, they made that maple ring!  
With one note this way, one note that,  
And each note just a trifle flat;  
Playing over the happy tune  
They learned in honour of the moon,  
And never one mistake they made  
In all that moonlight serenade.  
For three notes on a single string,  
Makes fiddling quite a pleasant thing,  
And jolly fiddlers never tire  
Who play for love and not for hire,  
Up in a leafy maple hid,  
The good old tune of katydid!

## KEEPING THE RULES

I'd like to see the man who took  
The pains to make the spelling-book,  
And ask why words are so contrary  
There, and in the dictionary;  
Why d-e-w is "du,"  
And n-e-w is "nu,"

While s-e-w is "so,"  
I certainly would like to know !  
Then r-o-u-g-h is "ruff,"  
And t-o-u-g-h is "tuff,"  
But d-o-u-g-h is "doe" —  
Now tell me, pray, why that is so !  
And will not some one tell me how  
P-l-o-u-g-h, is "plow ?"  
For if poor little boys at school  
Are strictly made to keep the rule,  
I think the book-makers should be  
Just as particular as we !

### A BAD FELLOW

RIGHT-HAND is steady, strong and true,  
Left-Hand does all that he can do,  
But there is one, be sure to shun —  
He is not good for work or fun ;  
A fellow bad in every land  
Is lazy, tardy Behind-Hand !

### ONCE UPON A TIME

Is the busy world we live in  
Quite the same it used to be ?  
Are the birds and beasts and people  
Quite the same we used to see

In the beautiful old legends,  
Told in ancient prose and rhyme,  
Of the wondrous things that happened  
In the *Once Upon a Time*?

When the men were valiant heroes,  
And the maidens all were fair,  
And the gentle, gracious fairies  
Dwelt in earth and sea and air!  
When the wrong was surely righted,  
And sweet virtue vanquished crime,  
And the good lived long and happy,  
In the *Once Upon a Time*?

When the gift came with the asking,  
And the dog and cat we prize  
Were princesses and princes,  
Travelling in a strange disguise;  
When the kindly heaven seemed nearer,  
And the stars shone in their prime,  
In that bright, enchanted country,  
Of the *Once Upon a Time*?

### THE PINES

FAR back in days of childhood stood a grove of stately  
pines;  
The fields spread green around them, and their  
shadowy outlines

Reached up into the sky so far that I believed it true,  
That angels on their upstretched arms passed through  
the heavenly blue.

And when the night winds murmured in their branches,  
sweet and low,  
I listened through the dark and said, "'Tis angels'  
harps I know —  
Good angels who will give me all I want, if I am  
kind,"  
For childhood's eyes look far and wide, but child-  
hood's faith is blind.

And as the angel music filled my soul with visions  
bright,  
I lay upon my pillow in a charm of rapt delight,  
Where noble knights and maidens moved in an en-  
chanted land  
Of palaces and gardens fair and castles tall and grand.

"Sweet angels, grant me but two gifts, and I'll be  
good, — I pray  
A palace for my home, and let my mother live alway :  
My mother dear, so beautiful that like to you she seems,  
Oh, let her live for ever!" thus I whispered in my  
dreams.

No palaces are mine, but near me woods and mountains stand,  
Arrayed in all the splendour of the wondrous fairy-land;  
And o'er a grave beneath the pines the birds sing all the day,  
And Faith's bright angel tells me that my mother lives always.

### BUTTERFLIES

TELL me, Butterflies, I pray,  
Where you get your colours gay?  
How your dresses fine are made?  
Why they never wear or fade?

Why you never get them spoiled,  
Never torn and never soiled,  
While you frolic all the day  
In the garden at your play.

I will tell you what I think,  
Blooming roses give you pink,  
And the daffodillies bright  
Clothe you in their golden light.

And the violets weave their blue  
Into pretty gowns for you,  
And the dewdrops on the grass  
Make your dainty looking-glass.





BUTTERFLIES.



## RIDING HOME ON THE HAY

OFF with your hats, boys — lift them high !

We have had a glorious day ;

And never such fun beneath the sun,

As riding home on the hay !

Never such fun in a coach and four,

With a coachman stiff and tall,

And a footman stout, to hand you out,

And come at your beck and call.

Softer than silken cushions are,

Is our seat of fragrant hay,

As from side to side we slip and slide

Upon our frolicsome way.

Off with your hats, boys, sing for joy,

And wake the echoes afar.

Let the girls keep still, if 'tis their will,

But we'll shout with a loud hurrah !

## A BOY'S WISH

OH, the heaven is high, but the sea is wide,

And 'tis on the sea I would love to ride

Till I found the spot where the sun goes down,

And dived to the streets of the mermaids' town,

Where they sit and sing to the sailors bold,  
And play on their beautiful harps of gold.  
For oh, in my heart is the wish to be  
Away and afar on the deep blue sea.

Oh, the earth is big, but the sea is wide,  
And the wonderful things on the other side  
Are calling and calling the whole day long,  
Till my heart is full of their joyous song.  
And I long 'neath the tamarind-tree to lie,  
And watch the gay tropical birds that fly —  
For oh, in my heart is the wish to be  
Away and afar on the rolling sea.

Oh, the land is fair, but the sea is wide,  
And deep in its waters such treasures hide;  
Bright jewels in grottoes from zone to zone,  
That I long to gather and call my own;  
And wonders and trophies I'm sure to bring  
When I shall come sailing back rich as a king.  
Oh, I wish and I wish in my heart to be  
Away and afar on the glorious sea.

### THE ARCHITECT

Oh, famous and fine is the rare architect  
Who recks not of labour or cost,  
Whose buildings with jewels and silver are decked,  
Where never a beauty is lost.

In silence works he, through the day and the night,  
Nor sound of a hammer is heard,  
Pagodas and palaces, gleaming with light,  
Arise at his beck or his word !

In country or town, on the meadow or hill,  
He chooses and uses a site,  
No law doth he own but the law of his will,  
And none may dare question his right.  
Unwearied by time, and undaunted by foe,  
Untrammelled by fear or command,  
He builds for all people, the high and the low,  
With patient and provident hand.

The castle and cottage alike he'll adorn,  
Nor meanest of things doth disdain ;  
The peasant sleeps sweetly, and finds in the morn  
A palace on his window-pane, —  
Oh, famous and fine is this architect rare,  
Who recks not of labour or cost,  
Who builds gorgeous mansions, and yet has to spare, —  
The king of all builders, Jack Frost !

## THE BOY WITH AN APPETITE

A LITTLE boy had an ailment chronic ;  
The Doctor said : "He must take a tonic  
To waken an appetite.

And then, I am sure, when he is able  
To do his share of work at the table  
His ailment will vanish quite ! ”

And so this boy with the ailment chronic  
A wry face made, but swallowed the tonic,  
And got such an appetite  
His good old Nurse raised her hands in wonder,  
And cried : “ The Doctor has made a blunder  
And has spoiled my baby quite ! ”

For what do you think that urchin told her ?  
(The tonic, you see, had made him bolder)

“ Oh, Nursie, guess what I've done, —  
I've eaten an ox and a tall giraffe,  
A cow and an elephant and a calf,  
And I've only just begun.

“ I'm going to eat up a kangaroo,  
A tiger and lion and zebra, too,  
And a hippopotamus ! ”

“ Oh dear and oh dear ! ” screamed the good old Nurse,  
“ The Doctor has made my baby worse :  
He's rabid and dangerous ! ”

For alas, the old Nurse didn't know  
These animals all were made of dough,  
As she cried : “ Oh, yes, 'tis plain,  
The Doctor has cured the ailment chronic,  
But oh, that wicked and cruel tonic  
Has gone to the baby's brain ! ”

## THE NEW BABY

HAVE you seen the sweet newcomer ?

Such a darling little thing.

'Twas to give her hearty welcome

All the birds began to sing.

Saucy sparrow looked quite knowing

As he blithely hopped along,

And the bluebird told the secret

In the first note of his song !

Master Robin chirped the story,

And the trees stretched out their arms,

Just as if they wished to shield her

From all sorts of ills and harms.

And the little breezes whisper

Of her beauty all the day,

For the gentlest of the breezes,

You must know, will have his way !

But she is so dear and dainty,

In her deep blue gown and hood,

All the world would like to see her

And to own her if they could.

And perhaps, at the street corner,

You may meet her, — don't forget,

She is lovely Spring's new baby,

And her name is Violet !

## TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

I THINK 'tis very hard, don't you,  
We cannot make grown people do  
According to our will and way,  
For surely turn about's fair play.

Send them to bed at set of sun,  
No matter how it spoils their fun,  
While we sit round the cosy fire  
And laugh and talk until we tire.

And then, when they are sound asleep,  
Before the light begins to peep,  
And all around the room is dark,  
Tell them to get up with the lark !

## LITTLE TOILERS

LITTLE toilers in the sea,  
Day and night and century,  
Building in the glad sunlight,  
Building, through the dreary night,  
Plant and tree and branch and leaf,  
Pillar, rock, and rosy reef !



Busy toilers in the sea,  
Day and night and century,  
Uncomplaining of your task,  
Luxury nor ease you ask ;  
Seeking only to fulfil  
Nature's ordered law and will.

Little toilers in the sea,  
Day and night and century,  
Without thought of blame or praise,  
Far from reach of human gaze,  
Every tiny humble one  
Working till his life is done.

Little toilers in the sea,  
Day and night and century,  
Till upon th' astonish'd sight  
Gleams an island fair and bright,  
Till some day with awe we stand  
On a new-created land !

### THE MOCKING - BIRD

THE mocking-bird sings in the day  
To please us, while we children play,  
But when he sings at deep midnight  
I think he sees the angels bright,  
Who softly fold their snowy wings,  
And listen to the song he sings !

## A NOBLE GENTLEMAN

THE words that Grandpa used to say  
Come to my mind by night and day, —  
“In work or play, boy, never let  
A thing on earth make you forget  
You are a noble gentleman!”

And often, when I long to shirk  
The lesson that means hard task work,  
'Tis strange, but I am sure to hear  
Dear Grandpa's words ring in my ear,  
“You are a noble gentleman!”

And then I feel so strong and bright,  
The hardest task I have seems light, —  
For I must do my best in both  
My work and play, nor yield to sloth,  
If I'm a noble gentleman!

In labour I must bear my part,  
And speak the truth straight from my heart,  
My good with others love to share,  
And scorn to do a deed unfair,  
Since I'm a noble gentleman!

And sometimes, when those words I hear,  
I whisper: “Grandpa, never fear, —  
I mean my very best to do,  
In word and deed and manners too,  
To be a noble gentleman!”

## SWING SONG

SWING, Swing!  
Swing, Swing!  
Over the tree-tops I soar,  
Swing, Swing,  
Swing, Swing,  
Higher each time than before.  
I shall be reaching the clouds pretty soon  
Sailing around the bright stars and the moon,  
Then you won't see  
A maiden like me,  
Walking about on the earth any more.

Swing, Swing,  
Swing, Swing,  
There Mamma stands at the door,  
Swing, Swing,  
Swing, Swing,  
I cannot swing any more.  
I am beginning to faint and to tire,  
I do not want to sail up any higher,  
So you will see  
A maiden like me,  
Walking about on the earth as before.

## KIN

OUR Johnny says, with a shrug and a grin,  
Flowers and animals must be kin :  
Just see how the Tiger-lilies grow,  
To match the tawny Tiger, you know,  
And in wild forests the Lions roam,  
But we have Dandelions at home ;  
And where old Brindle feeds on the green  
A beautiful Cowslip oft is seen.  
And Fido dear follows me to look  
For Dogwood blossoms along the brook.  
And frolicsome Kitty will lay her head  
Among the leaves of the Catnip bed.  
In spring come the Pussy-Willows tall,  
And Cat-tails always come in the fall ;  
And Foxes never wear gloves, 'tis true,  
Yet Foxgloves blossom in red and blue ;  
And Colt-foot candy, so sweet and pure,  
Some people say is a sovereign cure.  
And, so to say it, is not a sin,  
That plants and animals must be kin !

LITTLE CONSUELO

SEE pretty Consuelo,  
A little Cuban girl,  
With eyes black as sloe-berries,  
And teeth as white as pearl!

She loves the bright, red roses,  
All wet with morning dew,  
She likes to eat pineapples,  
And ripe bananas, too.

She likes the rich pomegranate,  
Its red heart open wide,  
And gathers orange blossoms,  
In all their bloom and pride.

And ofttime she is singing  
A pretty Spanish song,  
For little Consuelo  
Is merry all day long!

## INDUSTRY

Look on this picture, pray, and see  
A pattern sweet of industry.  
This little girl has had her play  
And learned her lessons for the day,  
And carried Grandmamma a note,  
And now she sews a petticoat.

She wears a thimble bright and new  
Upon her pretty finger too. —  
She keeps her little tools in place,  
In basket and in needle-case.  
For though she is so small, you know  
Mamma is teaching her to sew.

See how she pulls the needle through  
So each stitch may be smooth and true ;  
For though the needle has an eye,  
It cannot see, as you and I,  
Which way to go, but oh, the eyes  
Of this young maid are wondrous wise !

And can you guess for whom she makes  
This little petticoat, and takes

Such careful pains — the pretty witch —  
With every seam and hem and stitch ?  
Why, 'tis for Miss Malvina Grace,  
Her doll, with alabaster face !

## A MODERN RED RIDING HOOD

If I had been Red Riding Hood,  
When I went walking through the wood  
I should not take a wolf to be  
The proper company for me.  
I would not have a word to say  
To animals upon the way,  
And forests full of wolves or bears  
Could never find out my affairs !

I'd take my basket on my arm  
And keep it safely from all harm,  
And look straight at the path before  
My feet, till I reached Grandma's door,  
And when I got there, I should know  
Dear Grandma's voice so sweet and low,  
And slyest wolf could not impose  
On me in Grandma's eye and nose !

Red Riding Hood, I am afraid,  
Was quite a silly little maid,  
Who heeded not the way she walked,  
And did not mind with whom she talked, —

Not like the little Riding Hoods,  
Who nowadays go through the woods,  
Who know how to lift Grandma's latch,  
And are too smart for wolves to catch!

### SANTA CLAUS' BELLS

OVER the mountains and over the dells,  
Hark to the ringing of Santa Claus' bells.

    List how they jingle,  
    And tingle and mingle,  
Heigh-a-down derry,  
Oh come and be merry,  
That is the story that Santa Claus tells,  
Over the mountains and over the dells!

Over the mountains and over the plain,  
Santa Claus' horses are bounding again.  
    Oh how they clatter,  
    And patter and scatter,  
Heigh-a-down derry,  
Oh come and be merry,—  
Over the roof and the chimney and wall,  
Bringing their treasures to great and to small!

Over the mountains and over the track,  
Santa Claus' ponies with budget and pack,  
    How they come prancing,  
    And glancing and dancing,—



Heigh-a-down derry,  
Oh come and be merry,  
Santa Claus bringing to girls and to boys  
Plenty of goodies and dollies and toys.

## WHAT TO DO

THERE was a girl — perhaps you know  
The little maiden's name,  
For maids in country and in town  
Are apt to be the same ;  
She went to bed at eight o'clock  
And slept the whole night through,  
But when the morning came, she said  
She didn't know what to do !

She went down-stairs and breakfasted,  
With many a frown and pout,  
And quarrelled with the servants, while  
She ordered them about ;  
She made her little brother cry,  
Then cried herself — she knew  
She'd have no fun that day, because  
She didn't know what to do !

She had more dolls than you could count,  
She had a hundred toys,  
And book-shelves filled with handsome books  
For little girls and boys,

And dainty dinner-sets, and games  
To play with one or two ;  
But yet she wouldn't play, because  
She didn't know what to do !

So all day long, from morn till night,  
This little maid would sigh,  
And mope and fret about the house,  
And say she didn't know why  
She never could have any fun  
Like little sister Sue —  
Because, with all her pretty things,  
She didn't know what to do !

### A HOUSE OF GLASS

A CLEVER boy whom I know, do you ?  
Once lived in a house of glass,  
He had toys and playthings not a few,  
And clothes and books that were fine and new,  
And plenty of time and little to do,  
And so, from his window high, he threw  
A stone at all who did pass !

No matter what the person might be  
Who journeyed his window by,  
Or whether of low or high degree,  
A prince or a pauper, or great grandee,  
A lad or lass — not a whit cared he,

He only looked a victim to see,  
And away the stone would fly!

And when he heard a cry or a groan  
He laughed and shouted with glee,  
As proud as a king upon his throne;  
“The funniest thing that ever was known  
It is to see them dodging the stone  
And trying to catch the bird that has flown —  
'Tis the rarest sport!” cried he.

And oh! the mischief this youngster wrought  
Could ne'er be told in a day.  
The market-man's eggs all came to naught,  
The muffins that poor Dame Crumpet had bought,  
And roses and posies a lad had brought  
To town, as he whistled without a thought  
Of danger upon his way!

And one fine morn, from his window height,  
This boy a horseman espied,  
And seizing a stone, with wicked spite,  
He threw it with all his main and might,  
As he called: “O ho, my gallant knight!  
I'll bring your plumes to a sorry plight  
And spoil your beautiful ride!”

Ah! then retributive justice came  
With reckoning sore, alas!

The knight did not dodge or cry "For shame!"  
But boldly threw with a certain aim :  
"Your impudent spirit, young sir, I'll tame  
And teach you how two can play at your game!"  
And down fell the house of glass!

For 'tis a dangerous thing to throw  
A stone at people who pass  
Unless your castle is iron, you know,  
Since a gallant knight who rides below,  
With a sturdy arm and a certain blow,  
May bring to cruel destruction and woe  
A house that is made of glass!

### DON'T CARE

THERE was a little boy who loved to boast he didn't  
care.  
He didn't care to wash his face, or care to brush his  
hair,  
He didn't care to please and didn't care to be  
polite,  
He didn't care when he was wrong, or care to be set  
right,  
He didn't care for teachers and he didn't care for  
books,  
He didn't care for lessons and he didn't care for  
looks,

And when old Nursie told about the horrid, wicked  
bear,  
That ate up little boys who loved to boast they didn't  
care,  
He said he didn't care a rap for any bear that  
growled,  
And didn't care a single cent for all the beasts that  
prowled.

Don't Care lives in a great big house, I've often heard  
it said,  
And yet he never has a place to lay his weary  
head.  
And so it chanced one pleasant day this boastful  
urchin strolled  
Into the zoo, and said he didn't care to be con-  
trolled,  
He didn't care for the police, he knew as well as  
they  
The nature of wild animals, and why should he  
obey?  
But accidents will happen, — lo, the cage door opened  
wide,  
And out came clumsy Bruin with a savage grin and  
stride.  
And oh, the boy who ran the fastest from that horrid  
bear,  
And cried, "Help! help, police!" was the same boy  
who didn't care!

## DRESS - PARADE

CAPTAIN Great-Toe,  
Corporal Little-Toe,  
    Baby counts his men,  
Five on one side, five on t'other side,  
    Five and five make ten !

Up ! up ! Great-Toe.  
Up ! up ! Little-Toe,  
    Baby laughs and crows.  
All the men come marching up,  
    And over Baby goes !

Two big captains,  
Two little corporals,  
    Every man obeyed,  
For Baby's Major-General,  
    And this is Dress-Parade !

## HOW OUR GOOD SHIP WENT DOWN

THERE never was a better ship  
    In rigging, hull, or mast,  
And never did the ocean bear  
    A ship that went so fast.

She made her happy owners proud,  
A joint stock company,  
Of Tom and Ned, and Winifred,  
And Roy and Kate and me !

All day we watched the builders build,  
And how we hailed the hour,  
When our good ship was finished quite,  
Of all good ships the flower.  
“The Constitution, with that name  
We’ll christen her !” cried Roy,  
While in loud glee, the company  
Shouted, “ Good ship, ahoy !”

And how our eager hearts beat high  
To put her to the test,  
For well we knew, it could but prove  
Our ship was of the best.  
“ We’ll launch her now ! ” cried Roy again,  
And boldly seized her prow,  
And down that craft went, fore and aft,  
So quick, I can’t tell how !

Yes, down she went, yet not a tear  
Stood in the smiling eyes  
Of all that joint stock company,  
But only sweet surprise.

For oh, that candy ship was good  
In rigging, hull, and mast.  
We did not waste a single taste  
Though she went down so fast!

### KITTY AND KITTY

No sisters love each other more  
Than little Kitty and Kitty;  
They play together all day long,  
And both are good and pretty.

And one is learning how to sew,  
And mind Mamma's commands;  
The other cannot learn to sew,  
Poor thing, she has no hands.

She has no hands? Oh, dear, how sad!  
But then, — it is because  
She does not need them, for she has  
Four tiny velvet paws!

### THE FLOWER - GIRL

I KNOW a little Flower-Girl,  
Who never has a flower to sell,  
And never one to give away,  
Nor one to keep, I know full well, —



And yet she is a Flower-Girl.  
For on her forehead is a curl  
Yellow and bright as Daffodilly.  
Her brow is like a snow-white Lily,  
Her eyes are Violets, soft and blue ;  
Her mouth a Rose-bud, fresh and new ;  
Her cheeks are blooming roses sweet ;  
And then her name is Marguerite.  
And if some call her by the name  
Of Daisy, it means just the same.  
And when she does not fret or tease,  
She really is a dear Heartsease !

## PLAYING ALONE

I HAVE some building-blocks, and play  
The jolliest games with them all day.  
I pile them high upon the table,  
And make the mighty Tower of Babel ;  
And then I build a railway train,  
With coal for freight and bags of grain.  
I'm passenger and engineer,  
And I'm conductor, too — that's queer !  
But when I play alone, you see,  
I am obliged to be all three !  
I build a church, with pews and choir,  
And on the top a slender spire ;  
And make a temple on the plan  
Of one that stands in far Japan,

Just like the picture which I took  
From out my last year's Christmas book.  
I build a castle, grand and tall,  
Surrounded by a thick, high wall ;  
Storehouses, too — a solid block ;  
And once I built a great, wide dock,  
And poured some water in a pail,  
On which my paper ship could sail,  
And made believe it was a sea.  
Oh, that was fun enough for me !  
If you have blocks and toys your own,  
'Tis not so bad to play alone !

### THE REASON WHY

I KNOW two boys who love to play —  
Who all their teachers disobey —  
And never do attention pay  
To any word their elders say  
From January until May !

But when the summer pleasures go,  
And autumn's ruddy colours show,  
And chilly winds begin to blow,  
And dark November brings her snow —  
These naughty boys make solemn pause,  
And try to keep their teachers' laws,  
And study hard and win applause ;

And all this change is just because  
They want to please old Santa Claus !

Now since this story is quite true,  
Can one of these bad boys be you ?

### A MAGIC KEY

THERE is a golden key which unlocks  
The closest shut door with ease,  
Though fastened with chains and barred by rocks,  
The magic key, " If you please ! "

### MISS TI-TO-TEE

A VERY fine lady has just come to town,  
The finest you ever did see,  
Bedecked in bright jewels and a silken gown,  
And her name is Miss Ti-To-Tee.  
Upon the wide ocean, for many a day,  
She sailed in a large, gallant ship,  
And though she was such a long time on the way,  
She never grew tired of the trip.  
The waves they went high, and the waves they went  
low,  
And rocked the good ship on the sea ;  
And over the deck the huge billows would flow,  
But didn't hurt Miss Ti-To-Tee.

Each hair and each bow-knot was smooth in its place,  
Not once did her pretty eyes blink ;  
She wouldn't have wrinkled her soft, rosy face,  
Not if the good ship were to sink.  
And so she came over so fine and so grand —  
This beautiful Miss Ti-To-Tee —  
Came over the sea from her own native land  
Expressly as comp'ny for me.  
Her eyes are cut bias, her hair is cut straight,  
Like pictures you see on your fan ;  
She's always the same, be it early or late,  
My Dolly, arrived from Japan.

### BUSY LITTLE LADS

BUSY little lads and maids  
Of the ancient Scripture days,  
By their kindly words and deeds  
Won a nation's love and praise.  
Naaman, haughty Syrian lord,  
Vainly sought for health and aid  
Till he hearkened to the word  
Of a little captive maid !

'Twas a trusty little lad,  
Who obediently ran  
To bring back the arrow shot  
By his master, Jonathan.

Only did as he was told,  
Such a simple little thing,  
Yet his action saved the life  
Of the Hebrew Poet-King!

'Twas a little lad who gave  
All his little store to Christ, —  
Yet two fishes and five loaves  
For five thousand men sufficed.  
And always, the busy world  
Busy little lads will need,  
Who can say a kindly word  
And can do a loving deed.

#### WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Who is my neighbour? I don't know,

'Twas yesterday she came,  
And took apartments next to ours,  
But did not tell her name.  
She seems quite busy all day long  
About her household tasks,  
As in and out she comes and goes,  
Nor leave nor license asks.

Her furniture is light and small,  
Her bedding soft as down,  
And as she slipped within her door  
I saw her sober gown,

And once I saw two tiny eggs  
Among her dainty things;  
And I shall find out who she is,  
Some bright day when she sings!

### THE ROAD OF ROCK - A - BYE

DEAR Baby loves to travel on  
The Road of Rock-a-bye —  
'Tis bordered all the way with flowers,  
And covered with blue sky.  
The winds may blow, and heaps of snow  
About our way may lie,  
But never snow nor rain can fall,  
On Road of Rock-a-bye!

'Tis never cloudy, never dark,  
For sunshine lights the way,  
And every day and night is fair  
As fairest day in May.  
The brooklets sing and sweet bells ring  
And pretty birdlings fly  
About with song the whole day long,  
On Road of Rock-a-bye!

And straight it leads to Slumber Land,  
Where loving angels dwell,  
Who whisper in dear Baby's ear,  
And sweetest secrets tell,

And nothing bad and nothing sad  
E'er meets dear Baby's eye,  
And that is why he's smiling so  
On Road of Rock-a-bye !

GREAT - GREAT - GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

GREAT-great-grandmother's picture  
Is hanging on the wall,  
In brocade gown and petticoat,  
Dressed for a grand Court Ball !  
'Twas painted by Sir Joshua,  
A hundred years ago,  
When ladies visited in chairs  
And rode in Rotten Row.

Her hair, upon a cushion,  
Is combed to such a height,  
It must have been a burden,  
That famous Court Ball night.  
A snowy ostrich feather  
Is fixed within her curls,  
And thus attired, she talked and danced  
With lords and dukes and earls !

Her lips are sweetly smiling,  
Her eyes are large and blue,  
And now that I remember,  
They say I'm like her too —

Let's see, I'll make a topknot,  
And hold my head just so,  
And wear my velvet bodice,  
Which looks like hers, I know !

At Williamsburg, they tell me,  
In Colony times, long gone,  
She danced the old Virginia reel  
With General Washington,  
And looked so grand and stately,  
As she moved in the dance, —  
A real queen of history,  
Or lady of romance.

Well, I can't dance with Washington,  
Not if I were a queen —  
Or handsomer than any dame  
Who ever yet was seen.  
But I'm great-grandma's picture  
So all the people say,  
And don't you think a famous man  
Will dance with me some day ?

### I TOLD YOU SO

A VERY bad habit had our cousin Joe,  
Of saying always, "Oh yes, I told you so!"  
No matter what happened, the ready reply  
Came straight to his lips without wherefore or why.



If buds failed to blossom, or seeds failed to grow,  
“ Well, I told you so ! ” said our wise cousin Joe.  
If bright skies were smiling, or tempests did blow,  
His answer was always, “ Yes, I told you so ! ”  
You could not surprise him, he knew all before,  
As much as you knew and a thousand times more.

But Dick was the fellow whose brain did devise  
A plan for unveiling to cousin Joe’s eyes  
The fact, that such answers to all that you heard  
Were very provoking and often absurd.

It happened one day that a cow, grazing near,  
Jumped into our meadow, and we ran with fear,  
And while we were telling the story to Joe,  
He cried out at once, “ Didn’t I tell you so ! ”  
Now how he could tell us what he never knew,  
Was something we thought quite peculiar, — don’t  
you ?

So quick as the lightning Dick vanished, and soon  
Came rushing back with eyes as big as the moon,  
And raising his hands, said : “ Oh what do you think !  
The old cow was looking for something to drink,  
And swallowed the grindstone and bucket and chain ! ”  
We all screamed with laughter, but laughter proved  
vain

In checking the answer from our cousin Joe,  
For straightway it came, — “ Oh yes, I told you so ! ”

“Oh did you?” said Dick, “then hereafter we’ll try  
To hide all the grindstones when cows are near by.”  
And poor Joe was teased till he could not endure  
One word on the subject; but then, ’twas a cure!

### EGGSHELL BOATS

AN eggshell boat is a comical thing  
When fairly launched at the end of a string,  
    So Kitty and May  
    Sat working one day,  
Until each had finished a wonderful boat,  
That like a white swan on the water did float.

And all the morn of a bright summer day  
By the side of the brooklet sat Kitty and May,  
    For such fragile things  
    As boats tied to strings  
Don’t sail very far from the shore, you know,  
And dare not encounter a gale or a blow.

The girls laughed loud in their frolicsome play  
As they pulled their boats from the stones away.

    “ Oh, what a queer antic

    ’Twould be in the Atlantic!”

Said Kitty to May. But May said, “Foolish thing,  
In the ocean they never tie boats to a string.”

## A MAID OF THREE

YES, she was a pretty picture  
As she sat within the shade,  
In a dainty gown and bonnet,  
Such a darling little maid.  
Everybody who passed by her  
Stopped a moment, just to see  
What a lovely, charming creature  
Was this little maid of three!

And she answered quite demurely,  
In a pretty little speech,  
And a manner soft and winsome,  
As she watched the crowded beach,  
With so innocent a temper  
It was very plain to see  
There could never be a better,  
Or a sweeter maid of three.

By and by the bright sun shining  
Drove away the pleasant shade,  
“Oh, I’m burnin’, Nurse, I’m burnin’!”  
Screamed the dainty little maid.  
“Move your seat, then,” said good Nursie.  
“No, the sun must move for me,  
’Cause I come here long ’fo’ he did!”  
Said this little maid of three.

## THE BEST BOW

THE King of beasts issued one day a proclamation far  
and near,

To all the subjects of his realm who held their Royal  
Master dear,

To meet with him in council wise and further by their  
glad support

A measure he had pondered long, to mend the man-  
ners of his Court;

And from the valleys and the plains, from mountain  
side and jungle glade,

In troops the loyal subjects came of every family and  
grade.

"Long live the King, Leo the Great!" they cried  
aloud on bended knee.

"Behold us here to do the will of his most mighty  
Majesty!"

"My gracious lords and people dear," King Leo  
answered, in a tone

That thrilled his hearers' hearts and shook the very  
footsteps of his throne,

"We are provided well with dress; the helpless crea-  
ture we call man

Admires our clothes, and wears them too, and takes  
our coats whene'er he can.

Oh yes, fine dress we do possess,  
But must confess we lack address ;  
And though man's garments do not fit,  
Man has got manners, you'll admit.  
And so, kind friends, I ask your aid, and do most  
cordially invite  
You to propose the surest plan whereby we may  
become polite."

The Fox, a speaker sweet and bland, quickly replied,  
"I would suggest,

O noble king, your subjects here all be subjected to a  
test,

And in your Royal Presence now  
Let each one make his finest bow,  
And he who does succeed the best  
Shall teach fine manners to the rest."

King Leo said, "Fox, I sustain  
Your method with my might and *mane*. —

And all who do approve this plan, will signify it by  
a yea," —

And all the beasts responded "Yea;" not e'en the  
horse uttered a *neigh*.

The first to bow was Lord Giraffe,  
Whose awkwardness made the Court laugh.  
And next Lord Tiger bowed with grace,  
But spoiled it by a fierce grimace.  
Lord Elephant turned round about  
Till the whole Court set up a shout,

"Look out! Look out! His tusks and snout!"

And Leo roared, "My lord, your bow

Will put my people in a row!"

The Camel humped himself, and bowed

Lower than any of the crowd,

And Monkey such queer antics tried,

King Leo in a fury cried,

"Sir, you are too undignified."

Then followed Leopard, Kangaroo, and Bears of  
every kind and hue,

'Till every beast, both high and low, had done the  
best that he could do.

Yet not one of his grand grandees

The royal master's taste could please.

Then spoke a modest voice, "O King, I am the  
dearest friend of man;

I know his manners, and will please your Royal  
Highness if I can,

And, by your leave, I'll show you how

To make a gentlemanly bow!"

"Pray, Mr. Dog," the King replied, and clapped his  
paws in loud applause,

"You won't regret it if you do, I swear by all my  
jungle laws!"

Then, with a bound, the Dog bowed low before his  
Royal Majesty,

And leaped aside and bowed again to the delighted  
company,

With such a charming "Bow-wow-wow,"  
The King jumped up and cried, "I vow,  
That creature man does not know how  
To make so beautiful a bow!"

And ever since that day till now,  
In great King Leo's Court, the bow  
That's most in vogue is Bow-wow-wow.

### THE TOAD AND THE CENTIPEDE

A TOAD once said to a Centipede,  
" 'Tis plain, you have more legs than you need.  
I pray you, madam, to look at me,  
I have a beautiful gait, you see,  
But I could never jump as I do,  
If I carried as many legs as you."

The Centipede was a trifle shy,  
And waited awhile to make reply.  
"I cannot dispute your word, — 'tis true,  
I am not able to jump like you;  
Yet I do not envy you your leap,  
And my numerous legs prefer to keep.  
But pardon me, if I ask the fun,  
To look at your lordship while you run!"

## FREDDY'S FEARS

BARE of head and bare of foot,  
In a bran-new bathing-suit,  
Freddy stands upon the beach,  
And his tiny fingers reach  
Up to Nurse, who sees his tears,  
And she tries to calm his fears.

"Now my darling boy, be brave,  
Come right in, for not a wave  
Shall hurt you; why, don't you know,  
Nursie'll hold you tight, — just so!"  
"But," sobs Fred, "I'm 'fraid I'll get  
My new bathing-suit all wet!"

## LITTLE HARRY'S WAY

## A CHILD'S PRAYER

At the closing of the day,  
It was little Harry's way  
By my side to kneel and say:  
"Love me, God, oh, love me so,  
I must love you too, and grow  
More and more like you, I pray."



Not by rule of studied art  
Had he conned and learned his part,  
    Just the simple words untaught,  
    With God's mystery so fraught,  
    Told the burden of his thought,  
The deep yearning of his heart.

'Twas impulse divine did move  
His young heart to feel and prove  
The rich potency of Love,  
    Love that lifts the longing soul  
    Out of sordid, gross control,  
    Ever upward to its goal!

Ah, full many a year has fled  
Since that infant prayer was said,  
And the City of the Dead,  
    Overmastering my claim,  
    'Neath a slab marked with his name,  
    Long hath held his mortal frame.

Yet in some fair, radiant clime,  
Incorrupt by touch of Time,  
Bright in Joy's effulgent prime,  
    Where for ever flows Love's tide,  
    Must his gentle soul abide  
    In God's likeness satisfied!

Now I sit alone away  
At the closing of the day,  
And the evening shadows creep  
Close around me as I weep,  
Until in the darkness deep,  
On my knees I fall and pray !

### SOMEBODY'S COMING

Lo ! Somebody's coming, he's far on the way,  
And nearer he comes with the light of each day,  
Like a cloud in the heavens, so gently he steals,  
Yet true as a clock move his chariot-wheels !

Yes, — Somebody's coming, — no power can stay  
The march of his steeds, or his journey delay ;  
He'll come just in time, not a minute too soon ;  
He travels as well in the night as the noon !

He'll come with a cargo of treasures and joys,  
With beautiful maidens, and brave, gallant boys ;  
And let each one stay just a month and no more,  
When another slips in through the wide-open door.

And each winsome maid is bedecked as a queen,  
In garlands of flowers and kirtle of green,  
But royally grand as a monarch, each lad  
In ermine and jewels is gorgeously clad !

And royally, too, will he hold his gay court,  
With many a gamesome and frolicsome sport,  
And each charming maid will enchant you her while  
With fruits and bright blossoms as sweet as her  
smile.

Yes, Somebody's coming at twelve of the clock, —  
With never a ring at the door, or a knock,  
This Somebody enters, who's coming to stay  
Till you, little readers, have all passed away !

And 'tis to dear little folk, Somebody brings  
The most of his treasures and wonderful things, —  
See ! — see ! — he has entered, and right royally,  
This glorious Stranger, the new Century !

## THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY

THE Bee and the Butterfly met one day  
In the golden summer weather, —  
“O ho !” said the flaunting Butterfly gay,  
“We'll journey along together.  
'Tis such a fine day for frolic and play,  
Let's sport while we may, so come, come away, —  
Nobody shall be  
So jolly as we !”

“No, no !” said the Bee, “'twill not do for me  
To waste this glorious weather,

For when it is fair, 'tis then I take care  
My plentiful store to gather.  
So lovely a day was not meant for play,  
And it is my way to work while I may.  
So, dear Butterfly,  
I bid you good-bye!"

### AN OLD STORY

I KNOW a secret my nurse told  
About a hundred pots of gold,  
And diamonds, too, all safely hid  
Deep in the earth by Captain Kidd.  
I'll never tell, but I've a plan  
To get it all, when I'm a man!

### STORY OF THE EASTER EGGS

A LITTLE blue-eyed maiden begs  
The story of the Easter Eggs. —  
The dainty eggs so white and blue,  
Because a loving bird was true.

'Tis said that in the dreadful gloom  
When Jesus lay within the tomb,  
A faithful Bird poured forth her song  
In pity for His cruel wrong,

Until the shades of night were gone  
And softly rose the Easter dawn,  
When lo! God's Angel, shining bright  
With glory of the heavenly light,  
Came to the tomb where the Lord lay  
And rolled the sealèd stone away,  
And then, the story runs, he blest  
The singing bird upon her nest,  
“Henceforth, sweet Bird, thine eggs shall be  
Reward for thy fidelity,  
And by their white and blue shall tell  
How thou didst love the dear Lord well.”  
And since that first bright Easter Day,  
Her eggs are white and blue, alway!

## THE QUEEREST FELLOW

THE queerest fellow is the Wind,  
Who travels morning, noon and night,  
And goes just where it pleases him  
And yet keeps always out of sight.  
He pulls the strongest houses down  
And tears the ships far out at sea,  
And blows the dust about the town,  
And shakes the leaves from tallest tree,  
But none can tell where he abides,  
Or find the places where he hides!

THE END.







